all the same I walked to the top of the Down this afternoon,
& surveyed Sussex, & then tore my skirt my
knickers & some tender parts not mentioned
even between ladies on a barbed wire fence.
Do you know, if I could sit still all the morning I
could write straight ahead now — if I were you,
& could drive one hour into another, I could
finish The Waves in one blast — as it is
I wake filled with a tremulous yet steady
rapture, carrying my pitcher full of lucid &
deep water across the garden, & am forced to spill
it all by — some one coming — Never mind — And
write to me — V.

NYPL

Rota 2.V.63

I warn you: this is an egotistical letter, which says nothing about my really complete sympathy for you, & your rheumatism, diarrhoea, & Ear.

Sept 28th 1930

Monks House
Rodmell.

But, Ethel dear, I have left your letter in the Toolhouse, & it is too cold to go & fetch it, as you'll agree, so I cant be exactly precise about dates. All I know for certain is that we go back next Saturday 4th; then I shall have a week entirely devoted to seeing servants, who will all come at the most inconvenient hour. You say you are passing through about the 10th? I say will you fix whatever hour suits you then; either to come to 52, or — no I think it had better be 52. I expect to be in full command of my life by then. What other subject had I in mind to write about? Lesbianism? Thats your theme. I await illumination anxiously. Being alone in Bath & turning yellow & having your teeth scraped & waiting in a hotel lounge with old widows ~~Cruise~~ Cruising has my intense sympathy: why is it that such proud maroonings are so violently detestable! I remember once being stuck for 10 days in Brighton & almost dashing my head out against the pillar boxes; & have hated Hove ever since, even going with you. Your strictures on my weakness in washing these last days that will never never come again, talking, when my entire year, almost, wasted in talk, are apparently justified, but actually if you were in my shoes, what could you do? I'm lounging after tea — the fertile hour, the hour for hatching & planning & imaginatively surmounting all obstacles in the Waves — when there's a tap at the window, & there's Jack Hutchinson & Barbara; there's Mary Hutchinson; there's Lord Gage — the local nobleman who drops in to see how eccentric & intellectuals can be, & is not disappointed; or worse, I get a letter, imploring me, because she's going away for a year, to see Madame Bussy, who was Strachey, & is about to return to France; or from Ka Arnold-Forster who's removing to Cornwall, & wants lunch — what can I do then stutter & splutter, but say O all right, come in: you've ruined 10 pages of my book: I shall never catch that mood again: but by all means sit down while I boil the kettle, make toast, & show you the goldfish. Worst, superlatively worst, my mother in law has retired at Worthing. Occupation she has none. Her youth passed in child birth. Now nothing can make the innumerable days tolerable but frequent tea parties, & conglomerations of children & long tables covered with lilac cakes, which she adores, & presents on birthdays, & remembering anniversaries: so that if she says, Can she

NYPL

Rota 2.[illegible].63

(28th Sep 1930)

come over on Friday, as Harold, Bella & Tom are staying with her & want to see Monks House, what can I do, but race off to Lewes, buy pink, red, & yellow cakes, cakes striped with sugar bars & dotted with chocolate spots, return just in time to collect chairs, light fire; & then—here they are, dressed, like all Jews, as if for high tea in a hotel lounge, never mixing with the country, talking nasally, talking incessantly, but requiring at intervals, the assurance that I think it really jolly to have them. "I am so terribly sensitive Virginia" my mother in law says pensively, refusing honey, but sending me into the kitchen to fetch strawberry jam; & then, like a perfectly aimless cricket ball, off she drifts into long long anecdotes about Mrs Luards girl who looks 14, & Mrs Watson's cook having a baby which died—oh no it was Mrs Watson's cook who died—all this goes on till 7: when she says her head aches: I say, I will go off then, & shew Bella, Tom & Harold the church—And leave me all alone? she says. Tears well up. Down I sit. Off we go again about Herberts temper & her own tremendous sorrows, virtues, courage & endurance in raising 9 Jews, all of whom, with the single exception of Leonard, might well have been drowned without the world wagging one ounce the worse.

There! that's a long sentence: & an ill natured.

But when you say why do I see people? I say Ethel as a believer in the Christian religion has brought about this state of affairs, a believer that Crucifixion is good for the soul.

Ah, but now they are gone, & I wrote this morning; & then took one of Leonard's large white pocket handkerchiefs & climbed Asheham hill & lost a green glove & found 10 mushrooms, which I shall eat in bed tomorrow, with bacon, toast & hot coffee. I shall get a letter from Ethel. I shall moon slowly dressing; shall loiter talking; shall hear about the funeral of our cricketer, Tom Fears, who dropped dead after dinner on Thursday; shall smell a red rose; shall gently surge across the lawn (I move as if I carried a basket of eggs on my head) light a cigarette, take my writing board on my knee; & let myself down, like a diver, very cautiously into the last sentence I wrote yesterday. Then perhaps after 20 minutes, or it may be more, I shall see a light in the depths of the sea, & stealthily approach — for one's sentences are only an approximation, a net one flings over some sea pearl which may vanish; & if one brings it up it wont be anything like what it was when I saw it, under the sea. Now there are the great excitements of life. Once I would have written all this twice over; but now I cant: it has to go, with its blood on its head. I have 3 whole days of solitude still — Monday, Thursday & Friday. The others are pocked with this damnable disease of seeing people. Please tell me ~~that~~ what psychological necessity makes people wish to "go & see" so-& so? I never do. Do they resent, that I make to be alone? that I make to obscurity, the effort that L. & I make write? And Lesbianism, to return to that?

V.

Rota 2.4.63

Friday Oct. 3rd. 1930

This is merely a formal acknowledgment of your MS just come. We will be remorseless and plain spoken.

Here is Ursula Greville to put you in a rage, in case you have escaped her. Very good for the liver--to be put in a rage.

Just, lost my watch in the meadows, but found(to put ~~ymmx~~ me up in your esteem) a white knife with four blades.

My God--if leaving your letter about will make servants go, I shall have it broadcast. My whole endeavour now is to be rid of the most faithful and enraging of her kind. (Yes, no servant will ever leave me. In 48 years I have had three.)

Lunched with Lady Margaret my half sister in law and Sir george and have been given Pattles picture as reward. You shall have it.
I will write about plans when I can get my head above these vast whirlpools of departure.

V.

No, I dont think you are convincing as the subject of desi-[illegible]

Sunday 52 Tavistock Sq. 5th Oct 1930

Yes Ethel dear dinner next Sunday will be delightful (I'm not talking of the food, which may be harum scarum, odds & ends, cooked by me) — at 7-30 — but come when you like — only tell me what time suits.

We shall probably go on an East County tour soon afterwards. but thats not fixed.

Am I to vote for the Opera merger?—

a post card, with a stamp, has been sent me; as if Sir Thomas means business: I'll put on 1½ of leg if so doing I can ensure a perfect performance of The Wreckers.

Lord what a shindy & a gloom London is! I'm dismal all through — have taken to walk in Regents Park & look at the pinched cockneys & the dying flowers instead of roaming the downs & putting up a hare.

Do no more. V.

NYPL

Rota 2. 4. 63

P.S. 6th Oct
1930
Monday.

I forgot to post this scrawl; so add, in answer to yours this morning, I was speaking personally, no doubt frivolously (what a pity there aren't accents to convey tone of voice Φ ⊃ ✗ & so on, to mean I'm laughing. I'm ironical. I'm glum as the grave —) about your being unconvincing on the subject of Lesbianism. I was referring to what you said, (but I've locked your letters at Rodmell) about the shame of my not going to your party, with that particular vice. Well but then, ~~in~~ to another, my

naked nose may be a perfect
~~[illegible]~~ monstrosity without that
addition. But I was laughing, &
no doubt misquote. Anyhow
I hardly ever think half a thought about
these matters — if Eddy chooses to
plunge his poker in an ant heap or a
woman or the next young man he
meets in Bond St. its all the
same to me. No room to develop
this subject seriously.

Nor to write seriously about the
Essay which seems to me so
perfect for its end that I'm
not sure how far it would suit
another. I mean, the jokes, the school,
the cropped head. the legs are so
completely naturalised & assimilated
as in all first rate pictures — that to
switch off to another audience seems
~~to~~ impossible without injury. But
L. has not read. & I must read again.
Lord its good! V.

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

refers to the re-publishing
of "The Prison"

5th Oct 1930

Well, didnt I say so?

A thousand congratulations; but no more
because I'm expecting company, distracted.
& so I was t'other day. distracted, not bored —
Vita, Hilda Matheson & Clive dining.
Keep in the warm: be careful.

& a thousand
Congratulations
mixed
with
some
regrets

V.

Wednesday

Wednesday 8th Oct 1930

52 T.S.

I'm awfully pleased — thats a great relief about Elizabeth. They can be, I know, an awful bore, — glands. In spite of the Pallas blood, ~~as~~ some of my cousins have them. But Lor! (as you would say) what punishment can be inflicted on Harley Street for these entirely false verdicts — & all the agony they give. Once (having a temperature) I was told that my right lung was diseased: then that my heart was inflamed, & L. & I walked away prepared (so the man said) for ~~my~~ death in a fortnight. Give E. my love, & congratulations in spite of the Root, & hope to meet.

Lor! (as you would say) the Egotism of the male! Two completely rotted hours of Eddy this afternoon, & every second a complaint about his stomach. Every other aspect of the world barred. My time wasted & all I could do was to reflect the ant heap was on him.

But about Sunday. ~~&~~ Isn't